

America

by Allen Ginsberg

America I've given you all and now I'm nothing.  
America two dollars and twentyseven cents January  
17, 1956.

I can't stand my own mind.

America when will we end the human war?

Go fuck yourself with your atom bomb.

I don't feel good don't bother me.

I won't write my poem till I'm in my right mind.

America when will you be angelic?

When will you take off your clothes?

When will you look at yourself through the grave?

When will you be worthy of your million Trotskyites?

America why are your libraries full of tears?

America when will you send your eggs to India?

I'm sick of your insane demands.

When can I go into the supermarket and buy what I  
need with my good looks?

America after all it is you and I who are perfect not  
the next world.

Your machinery is too much for me.

You made me want to be a saint.

There must be some other way to settle this argument.

Burroughs is in Tangiers I don't think he'll come back  
it's sinister.

Are you being sinister or is this some form of practical  
joke?

I'm trying to come to the point.

I refuse to give up my obsession.

America stop pushing I know what I'm doing.

America the plum blossoms are falling.

I haven't read the newspapers for months, everyday  
somebody goes on trial for murder.

America I feel sentimental about the Wobblies.

America I used to be a communist when I was a kid  
I'm not sorry.

I smoke marijuana every chance I get.

I sit in my house for days on end and stare at the roses  
in the closet.

When I go to Chinatown I get drunk and never get laid.

My mind is made up there's going to be trouble.

You should have seen me reading Marx.

My psychoanalyst thinks I'm perfectly right.

I won't say the Lord's Prayer.

I have mystical visions and cosmic vibrations.  
America I still haven't told you what you did to Uncle  
Max after he came over from Russia.  
I'm addressing you.  
Are you going to let your emotional life be run by  
Time Magazine?  
I'm obsessed by Time Magazine.  
I read it every week.  
Its cover stares at me every time I slink past the corner  
candystore.  
I read it in the basement of the Berkeley Public Library.  
It's always telling me about responsibility. Business-  
men are serious. Movie producers are serious.  
Everybody's serious but me.  
It occurs to me that I am America.  
I am talking to myself again.  
Asia is rising against me.  
I haven't got a chinaman's chance.  
I'd better consider my national resources.  
My national resources consist of two joints of  
marijuana millions of genitals an unpublishable  
private literature that goes 1400 miles an hour  
and twenty-five-thousand mental institutions.  
I say nothing about my prisons nor the millions of  
underprivileged who live in my flowerpots  
under the light of five hundred suns.  
I have abolished the whorehouses of France, Tangiers  
is the next to go.  
My ambition is to be President despite the fact that  
I'm a Catholic.  
America how can I write a holy litany in your silly  
mood?  
I will continue like Henry Ford my strophes are as  
individual as his automobiles more so they're  
all different sexes.  
America I will sell you strophes \$2500 apiece \$500  
down on your old strophe  
America free Tom Mooney  
America save the Spanish Loyalists  
America Sacco & Vanzetti must not die  
America I am the Scottsboro boys.  
America when I was seven momma took me to Com-  
munist Cell meetings they sold us garbanzos a  
handful per ticket a ticket costs a nickel and the  
speeches were free everybody was angelic and  
sentimental about the workers it was all so sin-